1872, April 3. Gift of Hon. Robt. C. Winthrop, of Brookline. (H.U. 1828.)
HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
Sor 4800.360F

The True Woman.

Edited by Mrs. Charlotte E. McKay.

Vol. I.—No. 5.] BALTIMORE, JULY, 1871. [Price 5 Cents.

Woman's Vocation.

"If thou art beautiful, and youth
And thought endue thee with all truth,
Be strong; be worthy of the grace
Of God, and fill thy destined place,
A soul, by force of sorrows high,
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed humanity.

"Her duty is to stand and wait;
In resignation to abide
The shock, and finally secure,
O'er pain and grief, a triumph pure."

—*Wordsworth.*

[For The True Woman.]

Lives and Opinions of True Women.

NUMBER III.

MADAME DE LAFAYETTE.

By Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper,
Author of "Female Suffrage, A Letter to the Christian Women of America," "Rural Hours," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

The novelty of the scene, the character of freshness and wealth of natural advantages in the country, the general hospitality, the simple kindness and the patriotism of the people, delighted M. de Lafayette. He set out on horseback for a journey of nine hundred miles to Philadelphia, where he was presented to General Washington. Soon after occurred the battle of the Brandywine, in which he was wounded. This wound he was obliged to mention to his wife, and he did so in the following strain: "But let us talk over this wound; it is merely a flesh wound, touching neither bone nor nerve. The surgeons are amazed at the rapidity with which it heals. They fall into ecstacies whenever they dress it, and consider it the most beautiful thing in the world. Tastes differ, it appears to me very dirty, very tedious, and rather painful; nevertheless, if a man should wish to get wounded for the fun of the thing, he would come and look at me for a pattern. There, my dear heart, you have the history of what I pompously call my wound, to give myself airs and appear interesting. All the doctors in America are flying around in my behalf. When General Washington sent his surgeon-in-chief to me, he told him to care for me as if I were his son, for he loved me as his son."

This wound, so lightly mentioned, left General Lafayette with a lameness from which he never recovered. He always limped, slightly, from the effects of it. And this we believe was the only wound he received in America. Writing about this time to the Duc d'Ayeu, who had become reconciled to him, he observes: "I read and study, and examine and listen, and think, and by these means endeavor to form a general idea, into which I put as much common sense as possible. I shall not speak much for fear of talking nonsense; and I shall take pains not to commit any follies, for I am not disposed to abuse the confidence placed in me. But on the other hand, if I have any ideas which appear likely to be useful, after they have been rectified by wiser heads, I hasten to lay them before a great judge, who tells me, perhaps, that he is pleased with them."

These charming letters—and there were many such, for he let no opportunity pass without writing to his wife, and sent one courier after another to different ports in quest of her answers—these letters were the best consolation the young wife could receive. The political and military importance of the services of the gallant young man ere long worked a change in the opinions of his friends at Paris. In 1778 the alliance between France and the United States was proclaimed. The important news of this treaty and the sad intelligence of the death of the little Henriette, reached M. de Lafayette by the same vessel. For a moment he thought of returning to France to fight under the flag of his country, but the true course soon became evident, and his return was delayed. "My presence here is more necessary to the American cause than you may suppose. If I were to go many French would follow my example. General Washington would be really unhappy if I were to speak of it. His confidence in me is greater than I dare allude to, on account of my youth. In the place he fills there are always both flatterers and enemies at hand; he finds in me a sure friend to whom he can unbosom himself, and who will always tell him the truth. Not a day passes in which he does not have long conversations with me, or he writes me long letters, and has the kindness to consult me on points of the greatest interest. * * Do you not think that at my return we shall be grown up enough to have a house of our own, to live there happily together in peace and tranquillity? It is two months since I have heard from you. Do not leave me in such cruel ignorance, my dear love. While you are reading this send for a pen and paper; write me as often as you can that you love me. Not that I doubt it; I know it perfectly, my dear love; my tenderness will not allow of empty compliments between us two, and there would be greater coxcombry to say that I doubt your tenderness than to assure you that I depend on it firmly, and for all my life. But it is always a fresh pleasure to me to hear you say so. It is not my reason, for I have no doubts; but it is my heart that you satisfy when you tell me a thousand times over what delights me more than ever, if possible. Ah, my dear love, when shall I be near you, when can I embrace you a hundred times over? Cover Anastasia with kisses; teach her to love me, in loving you. The dear child has two places to fill in my heart."

Great meanwhile had been the anxieties of the young wife. Letters were for months on the way. False reports of wounds—even of his death—were floating about. But at length, in February, 1779, they were reunited by the triumphant return of M. de Lafayette. He remained in France more than a year occupied with the affairs of America. His great object was to forward the attack on Canada; but here he failed. The French Ministry were not disposed to increase the power of the revolted colonies. M. de Maurepas thought that thirteen colonies would make a country sufficiently powerful without adding Canada to the number. A powerful fleet was his next hope. But here he met with such delays that, aware of the incalculable importance of rapid action, he took upon himself a very daring responsibility. He had been forbidden by the Committee or Congress to ask for auxiliary troops from France. Such powerful auxiliaries on the soil of the country might prove very dangerous friends. Nevertheless, General Lafayette now asked for a body of French troops to be sent to the post named by himself—in Rhode Island—recently evacuated by the English. His request was granted. Six thousand troops were promised; as we all know four thousand were actually sent under General Rochambere. In April, 1780, the young General returned to America, where he was received with enthusiastic demonstrations of respect and regard. The public events of those years are all perhaps even more familiar to the American reader than those of the last few months. They are events which, however remote, can never lose their magnitude, to our perception, and whenever we call up the imposing figure of our great chief, there by his side we see the gallant and generous young Frenchman, to whom we owe so full a debt of gratitude. Madame de Lafayette becoming every year more capable of appreciating her husband's motives, and entering into his cares, had been even more unhappy at this second separation than at the first. She bore herself, however, with her usual unfailing courage and entire unselfishness. And she had now another child, a little son, to occupy her attention. "I suppose one can have no idea of my mother's way of loving," writes Madame de Lasteyrie, "it was peculiar to herself. Her attachment

to my father was above all her other affections, without diminishing any. One might call it the feeling the most passionate, if the most perfect delicacy and entire absence of all jealousy were consistent with that word. Never was she for an instant exacting. My father never perceived a wish that was unpleasant to him; and she never had a bitter feeling to conceal. Her alarms during the campaign of Virginia were beyond all she had before suffered; she was frequently hearing the most sinister reports." But at length came the happy news of victory and permanent triumph. Madame de Lafayette was one of the guests at a grand fête given by the city of Paris, on the occasion of the birth of the Dauphin; the news of her husband's arrival reached her in the ballroom. He was entirely unexpected. All Paris was full of enthusiasm for the conqueror of Cornwallis. The Queen paid him a distinguished compliment; she carried Madame de Lafayette in her own carriage to the Hotel de Noailles to meet her husband. Those were happy months for the affectionate wife. The General and herself being now, as he expressed it, *sufficiently grown up*, removed to a house of their own.

It was about this time that General Lafayette purchased an estate at Cayenne, with the intention of setting an example of the gradual liberation of the slaves. He was one of the very earliest and most earnest of the political friends of the negro. Madame de Lafayette entered ardently into these plans. "*All just and liberal ideas were to be found in her heart,*" says one who wrote her memoir. The details of this important work were entirely entrusted to her, and her active zeal for all that was good made her anxious to carry out the plan wisely and promptly. For some years she devoted herself to the best interests of the blacks; but the terrible 10th of August sealed their fate. The estate was confiscated, and in spite of the courageous appeals of the lady, the blacks were all sold as slaves, by the Jacobins.

The prominent position held by General Lafayette during the first years of the Revolution gave his wife many arduous duties to perform. She shared his opinions, approved, admired his efforts for the triumphs of just principles, but there was a delicacy in her nature which prevented her from ever becoming a partizan. The General kept open table; she did the honors of her house in a way to charm all her guests. But in secret she had many anxious hours. The gentle, humble-minded Christian wife could see truths more clearly in the midst of that whirl of revolution, than the victorious soldier, or the generous philanthropist. The General's views of human nature were not those of the Christian, they were lacking in humility for the race, and in all the profound wisdom which that virtue inculcates. The experienced Christian—and his wife was that—knows only too well that freedom is but one element in the education of manhood, salutary restraints are also vitally important. The most simple Christian is here more wise than the most acute of sceptical philosophers.

The weakness of the King, and the misconduct of the National Guard, in April, 1791, led General Lafayette to send in his resignation. He left his house for a time, leaving his wife to discharge duties requiring great prudence and delicacy. She received, in his name, the municipal authorities, and the officers of the sixty different battalions of the National Guard, who all came to urge the General to resume the post of Commander-in-Chief. She listened graciously to each address, and replied to each separately, varying her remarks in each instance, as circumstances required, and with all the polished tact, the grace of manner and gesture, and all the delicate shades of language natural to a highly educated Frenchwoman. Some were to be thanked, while covert reproach was to be conveyed to others, to Lassterre for instance, whose misconduct had caused the difficulty. This task appears to have been admirably performed. Madame de Lafayette, whose whole existence may be said to have been one of the affections, was yet an excellent business woman. The General had entire confidence in her abilities of this kind And yet her heart was in her home—entirely devoted to mother, sisters, husband, children, she never came forward in a prominent public position, unless in case of necessity. Any low, perverted, personal ambition of that kind was as far as possible from her nature. It was entirely beneath her.

The 17th of July of the same year was a day of terror to the lady. There was an outbreak, plotted by the Jacobins. The mob were in a frenzy of fury against the General, on account of his efforts to support law and order. Suddenly, the ringleader, finding it impossible to seize him at the head of his troops, shouted that they would murder his wife, and bring her head to him on a pole. Rushing from the field with fiendish cries, they took the direction of the General's house. Their approach was heard by the family—the whole household were in a state of horror—but the first exclamation of the wife was one of thankfulness that they had failed to reach her husband. Her first thought was for him. She then attended calmly to all the necessary precautions. Those wretches had very nearly made good their entrance, by climbing a garden wall in the rear of the house, when they were dispersed by an armed force.

In September the King having accepted the new Constitution, there was a brief respite of peace. The General with his family withdrew to spend a few happy weeks in the quiet of the Chateau of Chavauiac. But fresh horrors soon followed. The General went to the frontier in command of one of the armies in the field. Then came the terrible 10th of August. A price was placed on the head of the General. At the bar of the Assembly they swore publicly to bring him to Paris, dead or alive. He escaped, however, beyond the frontiers. A few lines reached Madame de Lafayette, giving her this happy news.

But anxieties close at hand were increasing every hour. The Chateau was repeatedly threatened with flames, by roving military bands. The lady provided for all emergencies. Important documents were concealed—all dangerous papers were burned—her children were sent away—the boy into the mountains, the young ladies in another direction. But it was impossible to persuade the aged aunt of General Lafayette to leave the Chateau; her neice, therefore, remained at the side of this venerable relative. At 8 o'clock in the morning, September 10th, the Chateau was surrounded. Madame de Lafayette, her aged aunt, and her two daughters, were removed as prisoners to a neighboring town. The lady showed much patience, great moral and physical courage, and no little skill in the management of affairs during those critical weeks. The General's letters had to be sent to Paris; she asked permission to read them aloud in the presence of all the authorities of the town, with the double object of preventing falsification and of compelling attention to the General's own words. She was listened to with respectful attention, even with emotion. She was allowed to return to Chavauiac on parole. On reaching the Castle she found a guard posted there. Against this she protested. "I declare, gentlemen, that I will not give my parole if you place a guard over me. Choose between those two means of safety. I cannot be surprised that you do not believe my word, for you do not believe my husband who has given so many proofs of integrity. But you must allow me to believe in my own truth. I will not allow my parole to be supported by bayonets." The guard was withdrawn. Her parole was deemed sufficient. And yet only a moment later she regretted having given it, for she now received the news of the General's imprisonment. From the hour of learning his fate, it became her one great object to join her husband, to share his prison.

Bitter indeed was now the experience of the devoted, loving wife, mother and daughter during the ensuing months. She suffered beyond expression. But amid all those varied trials her courage never failed—her spirit was as brave as it was tender. She never lost sight of the great objects of her existence—the welfare of her husband, the education of her children, the service of the Lord. It would require volumes to relate all the vexations she endured during the period of her stay at Chavauiac, where she remained about a year. Portions of the family property were sold by the men in power; she went to the sale and entered her protest against these acts of injustice to her husband, who was no *émigré* in arms against France, but a prisoner in the dungeons of the enemies

of his country. The clergy were now the victims of the popular rage; several were judicially murdered in the neighborhood; the curè of Chavauiac was arrested. Madame de Lafayette made every generous effort to save him, and with such prudence and energy, that she succeeded almost against hope. At a later day, when she herself lay under the shadow of the guillotine, at Paris, her efforts in behalf of the curè of Chavauiac were a chief article of accusation against her.

[*To be Continued.*]

Mrs. Editor:—Will you please publish the accompanying memorial, which was presented to the Ohio Legislature somewhat more than a year ago, signed by a large number of ladies, some of whom are wives of professors at Oberlin? I believe that it expresses concisely, and well, the sentiments of the majority of women on the "Suffrage question," and I ask for it a careful consideration from every woman who reads it. The following is the memorial:

"We acknowledge no inferiority to men. We claim to have no less ability to perform the duties which God has imposed upon us, than they have to perform those imposed upon them.

We believe that God has wisely and well adapted each sex to the proper performance of the duties of each.

We believe our trusts to be as important and sacred as any that exist on earth.

We feel that our present duties fill up the whole measure of our time and abilities; and that they are such that none but ourselves can perform.

Their importance requires us to protest against all efforts to compel us to assume those obligations which cannot be separated from suffrage; but which cannot be performed by us without the sacrifice of the highest interests of our families and of society.

It is our fathers, brothers, husbands and sons, who represent us at the ballot box. Our fathers and brothers love us. Our husbands are our choice, and one with us. Our sons are what *we* make them.

We are content that they represent us in the corn-field, the battle-field, and at the ballot-box, and we represent them in the school room, at the fireside, and at the cradle; believing our representation, even at the ballot-box, to be thus more full and impartial than it could possibly be, were all women allowed to vote.

We do, therefore, respectfully protest against any legislation to establish "Woman's Suffrage" in our land, or in any part of it.

Oberlin, Ohio. J. T. A.

In the Massachusetts House, May 9th, the majority of the committee on petitions and memorials asking for Woman Suffrage requested leave to withdraw from the committee.

Selections from Notices of The True Woman.

From Godey's Lady's Book, for June.

We have before us the first number of a journal established by the women who deprecate the fatal gift of the suffrage, and desire to see the energy of their sex turned into its proper channels.

We are glad to see that this party, comprising, without doubt, the vast majority of American women, has begun to make itself felt. There was danger, lest Congress should mistake the outcries of a few, for the voice of the multitude.

From the prospectus of *The True Woman*, we learn that while it opposes the entrance of women into a sphere not their own, it will support their right to industrial employment, and strive to redress the crying injustice of low wages paid to feminine labor. We heartily commend it to all who would promote the true dignity and efficiency of their sex.

From Rev. O. A. Brownson, in the N. Y. Tablet.

We have before us Nos. 1 and 2 of a neat appearing and thus far ably conducted monthly paper, entitled *The True Woman*, printed and published in Baltimore. It is designed to recognize and defend the real rights, interests, and dignity of women, so furiously and madly assailed just now by a few misguided members of the sex, the dupes of foolish or designing men, or of their morbid sensibilities, and who are doing all in their power to make both men and women forget or trample on them. The design is excellent, and thus far it is admirably excuted. The paper is, as far as we can judge, one which every true woman should take and read, and which every man not deprived of sound judgment by vice or fanaticism must approve and encourage.

We detest the greater part of the popular literature furnished in our days by women writers, as tending to degrade woman and to render impossible that high and chivalric love for her which every true man delights to cherish for woman. They divest her of that mystic charm with which the manly heart naturally robes womanhood, and show that she is after all only ordinary flesh and blood, made of no finer clay than himself. But we are always glad to see intelligent and noble spirited women using their gifts in any way compatible with the natural modesty and reserve of the sex, in instructing their sisters as to their rights, interests, and duties as women, and putting them on their guard against spurious but pernicious moral and social reform movements, just now so popular. They cannot employ their gifts to a better purpose. We therefore cordially welcome *The True Woman*, and wish it all success.

From the Baltimore American.

The True Woman.—This excellent monthly journal, appearing originally as the organ of the ladies who, while fully appreciating and desiring to remedy the unfortunate condition of working women, do not believe that female suffrage is the panacea for their ills, at once took hold of popular favor, by its able management and the thoughtful and readable articles with which its pages are stored. Their treatment of the social topics, to which, the scope of the journal is principally confined, is convincing, dignified and temperate, and as the representative of an earnest effort for the benefit of women, *The True Woman* is destined to advance with a widespread and powerful influence.

From the Washington Sunday Morning Chronicle.

It is with great satifaction that we notice the success of *The True Woman*, the anti-woman's suffrage paper, published in Baltimore. The list of contributors to this journal includes the names of ladies of the highest distinction, who take up the pen in antagonism to the fanatics who would force upon them the evil of suffrage. The editorial department is most ably conducted. The mission of *The True Woman* is a noble one, and we trust that such patronage will be given it as will enable its conductors to increase its powers of action. Every true woman in the land is interested in the cause. Let all aid.

From the New York Evening Mail.

A woman's paper contrary to the usual sort, is *The True Woman*, a monthly journal published at Baltimore. It seeks the elevation of woman, but disbelieves in woman suffrage, and pursues its aim with much ability.

From the New York Standard.

The True Woman is the title of a neat eight-page monthly paper, published in Baltimore. It appears to be issued for the purpose of counteracting the injury that the extremists of the women's rights movement are doing to their own sex. *The True Woman* advocates all the rights that have a tendency to make woman more womanly, and to elevate her in everything that will make her good and noble. It is published at the small price of fifty cents per annum, and should have a large circulation.

Woman Suffrage.—The evident check which this worse than folly has received in this country is matter of sincere contentment, we will not say to every considerate and reasonably conservative politician, but to every man or woman who cares for the sanctity of home, who wishes that the babes should be nursed on a gentle woman's bosom, and the child get its earliest tuition at a mother's knee. All this would be in jeopardy from such a revolution. The very nature of woman would, as it were, be turned inside out, and if it be that the unmentionable place knows no fury like a woman wronged or scorned, we are very sure that this earth of ours—especially this corner of it—would find few less tolerable associates than, in time of political excitement, a woman with her rights.—*Washington Patriot.*

The True Woman.

EDITED BY MRS. CHARLOTTE E. McKAY.

☞Published Monthly, N. W. Corner Baltimore and Gay Streets.

☞Subscription—50 Cents per annum; 12 copies sent to one address for $5.

☞Specimen Copies sent free on receipt of postage.

☞Newsdealers supplied from the Office.

☞To CORRESPONDENTS.—All communications intended for publication must be addressed, after the first of June, until further notice, to MRS. C. E. McKAY, Wakefield, Mass.

☞*All business communications, and orders for the paper, must be addressed to*

THE TRUE WOMAN,

N. W. Corner Baltimore and Gay Streets.

☞Agents in Washington and for District of Columbia, Messrs. RICHARD B. MOHUN & Co., *No.* 1015 *Pennsylvania Avenue*, Corner of Eleventh Street.

Baltimore, Md., July, 1871.

ALL our Subscribers will receive the back numbers of THE TRUE WOMAN, beginning with March.

WE are glad to learn that an appeal, in our June number, in behalf of the working women of Baltimore, has elicited thoughtful consideration in many quarters. We most earnestly desire that this consideration may lead to practical results. There is in Baltimore a large amount of money and leisure, which could not be put to better service than in going down to these regions of want and care, and bearing some little gleams of sunshine to the neglected ones, whose paths lie among the shadows. Much of this money and leisure is in the hands of the best and noblest of women, who are daily asking, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Some of them have already found that nothing brings them so near to the very heart of Christ as the exchange of that ease and elegance which their wealth would readily command for toil and fatigue in the service of the poor. And yet we believe these women "are building better than they know," and that they do not stop to consider how near in likeness their lives are growing to His who left the splendors of Heaven for an earthly life of humiliation and toil.

It is to such following that our Lord calls those to whom He has committed the powerful instrumentalities of wealth and high social position, and wonderful are His compensations.

"The destruction of the poor, is their poverty." Poor women have no vantage ground on which to stand. They need the aid and encouragement of the more favored of fortune, before they can combine for their own advantage, and we hope such aid will not be wanting to the working women of Baltimore.

Follies of the Woman Movement.

AN ADDRESS BY ROBERT LAIRD COLLIER.

[*Concluded.*]

And what have I to say of the ballot? This,—that it is a delusion and a snare, a phantom and pretence. It is the remedy of quackery. It is advertised to cure all, and will cure nothing. I have no great objection to a woman depositing a piece of paper in a poll-box on election day. This is a small matter, but it is the eternal thing beneath this, and the infinite thing above this, which concern me,—the wicked and senseless thing of which this is born, and to which in turn it will give birth: *The disparagement of woman's function by right of her sex.* The ballot cannot ennoble woman: it might degrade her. I am quite sure time will tell. The thing may come about, perhaps in our time. God prevent it should! No possible good can come of it, I am sure. We already see the way the wind blows by the straws. The women orators, this year, are nearly all pleading for what? greater purity and strictness in divorce laws; for greater protection to laboring women; for the elevation of fallen women; or, even for the ballot, that these results may be achieved? No. These are not the things these big, burly, or fussy and declamatory women are talking about; but marriage, and divorce, and they want, as the Irish girl said of the Universalist religion, "the terms made very easy." And what is this but nursing scorpions in their bosoms, which may warm for a moment and sting to the death! And this easy-going marriage and divorce can work only harm, and that continually, to women. And what shall we say of the offspring of such people? Have the boys and the girls of such parents no rights? Is no sacrifice to be made on the part of the mother for them? I incline toward the philosophy of the old axiom: "You have made your bed, and must lie in it." It is infinitely nobler and diviner for the woman to bear her griefs, if she is powerless to reform a husband's manners, for the sake of her children, than make them a public shame by divorce, because of incompatibility of disposition.

Instead of making divorce laws more lax, let them be made more stringent, and perhaps young people will be less heady and swift in making matrimonial alliances. If it be needful to have more divorces to suit the state of society, then I should go in for curing the evil by fewer marriages and better ones. It is pretty nearly time that our friends, the lady agitators, had ceased huddling all men together as brutes and tyrants. Men don't like to be called such hard names, especially by such ladies! Gœthe says: "A noble man is led by woman's gentle words." May I add: Never reformed by her scolding and harsh ones? Then, when we hear itinerating married ladies using such naughty words, we sigh, and think of that other saying of the great German's: "He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home." Good men, and no less good women, have before their eyes, as the noblest type of womanhood, that which the beautiful Richter adored: "If the loving, closed heart of a good woman should open before a man, how much controlled tenderness, how many veiled sacrifices and dumb virtues would he see reposing therein?"

A great folly of the Woman Movement is to suppose that man thinks he is superior to woman. He knows he is different, and believes his sphere and duty, for the most part, are different; but only a fool of a man thinks he is superior. If these terms, equality, superiority, and inferiority, must be used, then I, for one, give in that woman is superior—that is, higher by nature and in the functions of her life. I do not know that I ever heard a sensible man dare assert his superiority to his wife. The man who succeeds in the world, and leaves to it a great inheritance of fame or fortune, is he who has a good and wise wife for his nearest friend and counselor.

And, of course, it is a folly to suppose that the ballot for women can affect wages for women. Wages cannot be voted up or down. This question is, and always will be, one of demand, supply, and efficiency. In this country we do not want women to labor in the field, or as hod carriers, or street sweepers. We do want them to enter every occupation where head and heart are most needed. And, as these are fewer than manual and menial occupations, there are more women seeking them, and so wages are comparatively unremunerative. Here the Federal, State, and municipal governments should set the example, and pay women the same wages as men—for instance, when employed as clerks or teachers. Nor is it less a folly to suppose the ballot for women will affect favorably our morals. Pray, tell me, how? Jean Paul says: "The purer the golden vessel, the more readily is it bent; the higher worth of women is sooner lost than that of men." And this saying all observation confirms. Women are certainly not less persistent and desperate in their methods than men. And the sort of women who are clamoring for ballots and rights are of the very type of our men-lobbyists, intriguers, ringleaders, sports in politics, adventurers, and dead-beats generally.

I moreover believe it to be a folly to suppose the Woman Movement will affect legislation for the greater protection of the rights of women. One of the ablest judicial minds and officers of the country recently said to me that the laws of most of the States discriminate in favor of women. A man has no right in the property of his wife; a wife has a third interest in his. A woman's property cannot be held for the debts of the husband; the husband's can be held for the debts of the wife. I think the laws of all the States should be so changed as to make it appear that half of all the property *is* the wife's,

and it is true that nine times in ten it is the harder earned part.

But I must touch, lastly, the fundamental thing in this whole discussion, namely, The meaning of the household. Is it a unit, or so many separate unities? Is it one, or is it many? I premise this, to begin with: It is one, or it will not survive! It must be one by affection, concession, sacrifice, helpfulness, mutual and loving understanding, or it is chaos, it is hell, and will burn itself out, and ought to. And I have this to say, that Christianity, if that is to be taken into the account at all, lodges the unit in the household, and not in the individual. Stephanus and his household were baptized; the jailor and his family were converted. And in the family, as the father must stand for the minor children, we can finally land at no better and less wrong-working rule than that of the present, where the father stands as the representative of all.

No, my friends, the good of working, and oppressed, and low down sisters, is not the goal aimed at. It is only talk, and outwardness, and conspicuousness, these women for the most part want; and God knows the American people have enough of these already. Women might lift up the whole world to their plane of life by the most womanly of ways, of which the dear Schiller so grandly speaks. "With soft, persuasive prayers woman wields the sceptre of the life which she charmeth; she lulls the discord which roars and glows, teaches the fierce powers which hate each other, like friends to embrace in the bonds of love, and draws together what are forever flying asunder. * * * Honor to women! They twine and weave the roses of Heaven into the life of man. It is they that invite us in the fascinating bonds of love; and, concealed in the modest veil of graces, the external fire of delicate feeling with holy hands."

And, finally, I file a Bill of Rights for Women. The first is the right to education, the freest and fullest, and a popular sentiment concerning it that shall condemn as a barbarism, every college and university that dares to close its doors against the girls. Not only education in worsted and music, and Chesterfield manners, but in classics and science; and I believe that in the coming times the girls will take the prizes and honors.

I next demand for women the right of each to be herself, and follow out freely the bias and genius of her nature; to be author, painter, sculptor, poet, doctor, or lawyer; and I demand from women respect for their sisters who choose to be dressmakers and bread makers, who select as their calling shop-keeping or school-teaching. Men, for the most part, accord them respect now.

I ask for women the right to work where their work will tell best, and man's would tell least. Women can redeem this city. Instead of suffrage conventions, which are only opportunities for short-haired women and long-haired men to deal in generalities, and for ventilating all sorts of social nuisance, I would have women call conventions to save their sisters from the lusts and depravity of men. I call upon these reformers, men and women, to mount the platform, if that not genteelest method is deemed best, and plead for social purity and domestic felicity and fidelity. Give over this fiction and phantasm of the ballot; this unreality and shadow; this hazy, cloudy sentiment, and get hold on some real, tangible need.

I conclude by demanding for women the divinest rights of home. Here let woman mould the life committed by God to her keeping, and when it shall come out into the world from her ingenious hand and intuitive heart, let it be pure as crystal. Then our marriages will be pure as crystal. Boys will not be brutes, and girls will not be drones, when the mothers shall be priestesses at the high altars of God. Then we shall cease to call for rights, and all seek to do duty.

Correspondence.

A Letter from Boston, June 6th.

Among the meetings of "Anniversary Week," which has just passed, a brief notice of two, may interest the readers of *The True Woman.*

The New England Female Suffrage Association, held their annual meeting in Tremont Temple. The speakers with which we have been long familiar, are decidedly the best, and among these Mrs. Blackwell and Mrs. Livermore are the most successful in holding the respectful attention of their audience. Mrs. Margaret Lucas, from London, sister of Hon. John Bright, addressed the meeting with much embarrassment, giving a short sketch of the progress of Woman Suffrage matters in England, with all of which your readers are already acquainted through English and American journals. Mrs. Lucretia Mott, the darling of Woman Suffragists, appeared and told the same little story that she has been telling for twenty years, of the cordial reception bestowed on herself and other ladies who, twenty years ago, went as delegates from the Woman Suffragists of America to those of England; what Daniel O'Connel said to them, and what they said to Daniel O'Connel; ending by her usual exhortation to charity and christian harmony, that the on-coming of the "angelic times" of woman's voting be not hindered. Much of the time and strength of the meeting was expended in denunciations of the ignorant and misguided ones, who oppose Woman Suffrage, especially the 68 members in the Massachusetts House who differed with the other 68, and of Speaker Jewell, who, when the vote on the Woman Suffrage bill was a *tie*, gave his voice against it. Mrs. Livermore expended a large quantity of her fine speaking on these refractory members, and also on the majority who requested leave to withdraw from the committee on petitions and memorials asking for Woman Suffrage. She and Mrs. Blackwell intend to remember all these recreants in "the good time coming." The conclusion of the whole matter is, that since they have failed by methods heretofore used to make the women of the country see that they need the ballot, or to convince them that they ought to see it, if they do not, they will betake themselves to political channels, and ignoring all other principles and issues, give the *whole weight* of their influence to that political party which will do the most for them. Thus with the aid of the few men who espouse their cause, they propose to compel their unwilling sisters to accept a responsibility which they neither desire nor are prepared for.

The New England Female Moral Reform Society held an interesting anniversary meeting during the week. A report was read, showing that the useful work of the Society has been progressing during the past year. Many young girls who have gone forth from the safe influence of good homes to seek a livelihood in the city, have been protected and reclaimed from a forsaken life. The intelligence office of the society is doing its good work in finding employment and giving cheering encouragement to many who would otherwise sink to wretched poverty and therefore vice.

After the report, remarks were made by many ladies upon the evil of excessive dress, and the sad effects of stimulating love of finery in early life by overdressing children.

The "Home" of this Society, No. 18 Knuland Street, has been a great blessing to many of the poor and unprotected women of the city. C. E. J.

Hear Mrs. Stanton on reform:

Let the women now give up all other societies, organizations and associations and work for their own enfranchisement. Let their religion, philanthropy, charity, art, science, literature centre here. Let balls, parties, pic-nics be suspended. Let the churches go without carpets, lamps or decorations; pastors without donations; the heathen without tracts; men without buttons and children without bibs, until we can raise money enough to force the recognition of our humanity on the nation, and decide our citizenship in the courts. We have worked 6,000 years to lift men up into gods. Now let us lift ourselves up, and learn good and evil; or, what is better, the difference between them.

Yours truly, E. C. Stanton.

In the city of New Haven, Conn., there has never been a Woman's Rights meeting. Several efforts to that effect have been made by friends of the cause, but all have failed.

From Hartford, a petition opposing Woman Suffrage has been sent to Congress, signed by 1,307 women.

[For the True Woman.]

Woman's Health.

What is the matter with the health of the American women? It is almost impossible to find a healthy married woman or young lady, and even our little girls are many of them invalids under the care of physicians. Clearly there is something wrong, and I fear radically wrong, somewhere. Here is a field of research, observation and reform, worthy the greatest efforts of the noblest women. Not in the study of Darwinian theories, or speculation in psychology, ontology, *esse* or *aura*, but to observe, study and understand plain, practical, every-day facts in regard to the physical laws of women and children, learn the cause of so much ill health, find and *apply* the preventive and remedy. As a beginning, and I hope many articles from different persons will follow this, allow me to call attention to a few facts. 1st. Woman's *under* dress is wrong in principle and application. I know this is a hackneyed theme, and no more welcome or attractive than the old story, "In Adam's fall we sinned all." But, if it is justifiable or important to remind us that we are sinners in any direction, it is in regard to woman's dress; so I must urge it upon the attention of women till I see some regard for physical laws manifested in its arrangement. As women now dress, hundreds of muscles are compressed till they are weak, lax and almost useless, the lungs cannot properly expand, the blood remains impure and its circulation impeded, the skin cannot perform its office, the bowels are crowded down by the weight resting upon them, the organs below the bowels become congested and thrown out of position, and *female diseases*, with their countless attendants, fasten themselves, like vampires, on their victims, destroying beauty, usefulness and happiness, except the poor comfort of relating their ills, and being the patients of some celebrated physician.

I do not mean to be understood as waging a war against fashion, nor do I recommend any singularity of dress, whether it be bloomer costume, or aping masculine attire. Every lady should dress so becomingly, artistically and *fashionably*, so in keeping with her occupation and surroundings as to form one perfect whole. The intelligent, beautiful woman should never be lost or obscured by her dress. Let the external dress be of whatever material, form or fashion it may, it can and should be arranged neatly and tastefully, without disturbing the healthy physiological action of the body. To that end all clothing should be supported from the shoulders, and worn closely enough around the waist to admit of a full, free expansion of the lungs, and a comfortable feeling about the stomach *after dinner*. The means of doing this is simple and within the reach of every woman. For summer, use fine, bleached, cotton cloth; for winter, drilling or some thicker material—cut a waist just as you would a plain waist dress-lining, taking up the "forms" in front, and a small one at the centre of the back—cut it low enough in the neck to be comfortable, and yet stay on the shoulders—face it around the bottom of the waist, and set on *not less* than eight buttons. Make corresponding button-holes in the bindings of the under-skirt and hoop-skirt, (every woman should wear a *small* hoop-skirt) and attach them to the waist. Four button-holes, one in front and three in the back will be enough for the over-skirts. Don't use whale-bones. God has given women bones and muscles enough if they will only use them properly, without borrowing from the whale. I wish every woman would try this long enough to give her muscles time to strengthen, and see how much easier she can work or play, walk or ride, think or act.

MRS. W. G. WHEATON.

EXTRACT from a letter in the *Lutheran Observer*, by Rev. Dr. Butler, Chaplain of the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Woman and the Ballot.

It is known to your readers that there are many women in the country demanding another (the sixteenth) amendment to the Constitution, enfranchising women. If persistence can accomplish it, I am sure they are persistent. If they be right I hope they may accomplish it. With my present convictions, and I think I am not in darkness upon the subject; for I am a champion of the mothers, and wives, and sisters in all their rights,—I cannot endorse this movement. It is not my purpose here to discuss the question; but it does seem that instinct, the Bible and the true woman herself are all against it. I know whereof I speak when I say that in one department of the Government here, in which sixty women are employed, only *one* is in favor of what is known as "woman rights."

A CORRECTION.—We have the best of authority for stating, that Mrs. Hooker *did not* say in Appollo Hall, that she intended to make the attempt to vote in the elections of her State, if she "had to go to the polls with a revolver," as was reported in the *Tribune*, and quoted in the June number of *The True Woman*. On the contrary, we are assured that Mrs. Hooker is incapable of uttering so unwomanly a declaration, and, although we do not consider ourselves responsible for the mistake of a *Tribune* reporter, we are happy to make this correction, at the request of a friend of the lady.—ED.

WE are indebted to *The New York Globe* for keeping the public reminded of the progress of *The True Woman*.

[For The True Woman.]

The Ailanthus, or Tree of Heaven.

Now while Summer's azure air,
Laden with all odorous ware,
Borne from fields of new cut clover,
In the morning dew turned over,
From the woodland's secret breathing,
From porches dim with roses' wreathing,
Should but bring a bliss intense,
Through a charmed and quicken'd sense,
Whence this taint on all the treasure,
Like the soil of sin on pleasure?

Linden blooms strew golden sweets
O'er the darkly shaded streets;
Marsh magnolias fill the wood
With a fragrance choicely good.
Still a rank, faint smell prevails,
Beating down the perfumed gales;
Nature thus most mocking wise
Hinteth of lost Paradise.
By what impulse was he driven,
Who named the offender "Tree of Heaven?"

Bare as winter strippeth thee,
Ever stand, Ailanthus tree!
Let no spring-time's amorous mirth
Bring your blossoms to the birth.
Tree unfragrant, foul offense,
Pestilent to soul and sense;
Tree obtrusive, tree unclean;
Tree unshady, shapeless, mean,
Every ill my heart detesteth,
Thy rank growing still suggesteth.

Childhood, selfish, overtaught,
Vulgarized in speech and thought:
Youth, precocious, bold, self-willed,
Full of promise, ne'er fulfilled;
Manhood, gross, incontinent,
All its force in license spent.
Age, unhonored, barren, poor,
Emptied of dear virtue's store;
Every vice of city breeding
To my inner sight thou'rt leading.

When to our own woods we go,
See! God's trees! how fair a show!
Oaks, a noble brotherhood;
Maples, graceful, gay and good;
Poplars, lithe and laughing group;
Cedars, heads which never stoop;
Elms, refined with nature's charms;
Sycamores, bare, stalwart arms;
Willows, sprite-like; Dogwood, bloomy;
Locusts, light-limbed, lofty, plumy.

Planted in our streets, these bring
All the sentiment of Spring;
And, with their fresh, healthy life,
Mitigate man's fevered strife;
O'er our head their branches arching,
Make a path for angel's marching.
Ever glinting, with a good,
All too dimly understood,
As each season's special splendor
To our wakened sense they render.

Why, when these he native stores,
Stands this alien at our doors?
In his make no trace we ken
Of Idea Arborean.
All his growth from root to seed
But a well-developed weed;
To what green wood could he lure?
What heart-sickness can he cure?
Civilization's vilest feature
Seems expressed in this foul creature.

Labor, hopeless of success,
To cope with need's expansiveness.
'Neath his foliage year by year,
His boughs more nakedly appear.
Still increasing, still more scant
The garments meted to his want.
Satirist of human toil,
Mute Mephisto of the soil,
Aggravating, while ensphering
Sorest ill our age is rearing.

When his pollen's putrid green
Slimy in our streets is seen;
When his scent's revolting taint
Makes the very soul grow faint;
When his lank clay-colored boughs
A disgust for life arouse,
Then let action aid the curse
Of the poet's hearty verse,
And the work begun by hating
End in utter extirpating. E.

[For The True Woman.]

Why Women Should Not Vote.

TEN MORE GOOD REASONS.

Reason First: Family life is the most natural kind of life for human beings on earth, and family life would be endangered by women throwing themselves into the political arena.

Reason Second: Family life is the happiest form of life on earth; the peace and happiness of family life would be endangered by women becoming politicians.

Reason Third: If a woman is merely to vote as her husband does, where is the use of her voting at all? Why double the toil, and strain, and expense of elections for such unmeaning repetition of the male vote?

Reason Fourth: If women vote in opposition to their husbands there must necessarily be ill-feeling between them owing to this fact.

Reason Fifth: To vote conscientiously women must often vote in opposition to their husbands, since it is clear that about half the husbands in the country vote on the wrong side at every election. "*Truth is one, and right is one,*" says the poet, but of political parties there are always several.

Reason Sixth: Men are now glad to find rest and quiet in their homes after the turmoil and strife of politics abroad. In no age and in no country have the repose and peace of home life been so much needed by men as they are to-day and in our own country. Shall husbands, fathers, brothers, now be driven out of doors by their nearest and dearest transformed into political viragos?

Reason Seventh: Women cannot enter into politics with moderation; they must either leav them to men or become partisans.

Reason Eighth: The tongues of women are very nimble and very sharp; the temptation to use them in political strife, at every family meal during election time, would be great. They would often be very saucy, at times very witty, or very sarcastic, and often, too, very silly. But where, then, would be the feast of family love, which the wise man declares to be better than the stalled ox?

Reason Ninth: Women would dispute with each other on political questions. They would not only turn upon their male relations, but sharpen their tongues on each other; mother and daughters, sister and sister, mother-in-law and daughter-in-law would all have their political opinions, and the less they knew the more they would chatter. What a surfeit of political prating we should have!

Reason Tenth: The preservation of pure and peaceful family life is of vastly greater importance to the well-being of the nation than any mere political question can ever be. A. B. C.

[Translated for the True Woman.]

My Aunt Catherine.—No. IV.

A NORMANDY STORY.

[*Concluded.*]

"Unhappy creature," it said, "what are you thinking of? This passion so suddenly conceived, can it last? Is it not one of those caprices, cruel child of vanity and sense, so fatal to those young girls who are the object of them? What a chimera! to believe that a lord, rich and handsome, in spite of his family, in spite of the opinion of the world, would so far forget himself as to marry a little baker girl. What vanity to believe that you, who are nothing, who have nothing, could rise to his level and become a great lady in England. Is it possible? Would it not be ridiculous? And after a while would not your noble spouse blush for you? And you, forsaken by him, miserable target for the sarcasms of society, would you then be able to find a refuge in that happy obscurity that now you wish to fly? You are on the brink of an abyss! One step more. Shame and misery; behold what awaits you!"

What a desolating reality after so sweet a dream! I left the church entirely disenchanted, weak and trembling in body, but resolute in soul. If in that hallowed place one gets severe lessons, one also there receives the strength and grace to follow them. I took a vow *never to return to the Chateau.* I did not dare to vow never more to speak to Wallace, that would have been presuming too much on myself.

The next day, happily, my mother was absent; a letter was brought to me by a small servant of the young lord. I ought to have sent it back without reading, but I had not the courage to do so, besides in my inferior position I was afraid of presuming, or doing something that was rude or unmannerly.

He wrote me that he had not been able in the evening to express all the love he felt for me. "Will you not pardon me and permit me to hope that one day you will love me also. I have already told my mother and to the Marquis, my father, that I am determined to marry you. Their astonishment is boundless. They have forbidden me to think of such a thing. But in my family when one has made a resolution, nothing can shake it."

So already because of me there was war in the family at the Chateau. The stern voice which had spoken within me at the church was right. I asked the servant to wait, and I went up to my chamber. This is what I wrote to him.

"My lord, in the name of God and of your parents, you ought to think of me no more. I have just sworn in the church that I will never be yours. My only dowry to you would be shame and misery. Rather would I perish. But do not believe that I have been insensible to that love that you have shown to me. Receive the price that I attach to it. I offer you that which has pleased you most in me. What need have I henceforth of that vain ornament. No man on the earth shall ever be anything to me. Adieu! Be happy and pity your servant, poor CATHERINE."

Having sealed this letter, I cut off pitilessly the long and beautiful hair which Wallace had admired. I rolled it up in my nicest pocket-handkerchief, and the servant carried my tresses with the letter to the Chateau. Alas! he carried away with them my heart also. I wept abundantly when he was gone. I had just made the two greatest sacrifices that a woman can ever make, that of my love and my beauty. If I had had no regrets I should have been more than mortal. But God forgave me those tears.

I had, however, another trial to endure. The very next morning I received a cruel hurt of which I shall now speak if I have not already fatigued you.

"Speak on, dear aunt," I replied with tears in my eyes, "I listen to you forever."

"The next day," she continued, "the Marquis paid us a visit. He appeared agitated and displeased. While talking to my mother about the price of grain he looked at me, then, as he rose to go away, he said, pointing towards me.

"Why don't you get a husband for your pretty little girl? She ought to be married, dame Romain. I will give her the finest dowry that a girl of this part of the country ever carried to a husband."

"Many thanks, my lord," said my mother, "but I endow my daughters myself."

But what does Catherine say about it?" replied the Marquis, still looking at me.

I could not control myself.

"Ah, my lord," I said softly, "to treat me so, me, who have done for you more than all your fortune would ever be able to repay me."

He looked surprised, said adieu, and went away.

I found myself face to face with my mother, who naturally wanted to know what all that meant.

I fell at her knees, took off my cap and the false hair which I had arranged to conceal my loss, and told her all that had happened during the last three days. The worthy mother wept with her daughter. Pressing me tenderly to her heart, she said:

"Your father would have been pleased with this. You have a noble heart."

Very soon we learned that the Marquis with all his family had left the Chateau, and I saw the bills posted announcing the sale of that beautiful place.

"This, then, is my story; this tells why I have never married. I do not wish you to tell it to any one before I am dead. People might, you know, look on me as a curiosity. I have always kept the memory of Wallace and my love for him in my heart, a love which so far from being a torment has become for me a sweet and gentle thought, a consolation in all my troubles."

I learned that he succeeded his father in the British Parliament, that he held there an honorable place; that he was married, and had a charming family. In my prayers I never failed to ask for him the choicest blessings of heaven.

In order to finish the history of my Aunt Catherine, I have only to relate some circumstances of her life, reported to me by my aunts, which will make you more thoroughly understand her character. After having cut off her hair, the loss of which she accounted for by saying that it gave her headaches, she went to work more assiduously than ever. For more than thirty years she was indefatigable. She devoted herself to her mother who, till the age of eighty-four, loved work and the benefits of work. As the strength of this mother failed, more and more the whole charge of the business fell upon my Aunt Catherine.

It was astonishing to see how much a feeble constitution like hers was enabled to accomplish. But virtue makes strength.

When the mother died, my aunt's labor ceased. It stopped like the mill-wheel when the river that turned it has dried up.

"Do you believe," said she to the family council that was held to prescribe rest for her, "that I have labored so hard for my own pleasure, or for the love of money? God ordained toil, but He does not exact so much. I obeyed my mother. As to the riches we have accumulated and of which she was so proud, I hold so little to them that I haste to get rid of them. As to money to invest, and interest to receive, and houses to rent, and repairs to make, I want to have nothing to do with all that."

And in fact she gave away all that she had accumulated, first her money, then her houses, dividing them equally among the six branches of her family. She was happier to give than the others to receive. Retired in a little obscure chamber in the house of one of her sisters, she gave her life to God and the poor. Her worship was that of praise and thanksgiving. She asked of God nothing for herself, not even health, that first of earthly blessings.

As to the poor it was different. She exacted imperiously that they should pay her a visit once a week; and as so many visitors became an annoyance to her sister, she rented a little shop without windows, the door of which, standing always open, looked towards the market place. Every Saturday, from five in the morning, my Aunt Catherine was there. Since she made no more bread, she had heard the complaints of the poor who were not so well treated by other bakers as they had been by her.

This was the plan she conceived for their relief. Every Saturday she bought several hundreds of loaves which she resold to her faithful customers on credit. Singular sale.

The walls of her little shop was her account book. She wrote there in charcoal what was due from each purchaser, so that at the end of the year the whole wall was was black with these entries. Then she sent for a whitewasher who soon made the pages of her book white again.

"Look at my shop," said she as I went to wish her a happy new year, "the whitewasher has signed all my receipts."

At the end of the supper, at which she gave me the recital of her love affair, she left me at eleven o'clock. There was a sleet falling, she slipped and dislocated her hip joint. The next day all the doctors of the burg came to set it for her, but she obstinately refused.

"Let me be," said she, "I am too old for you to take so much trouble for me."

"But you will limp."

"If God has willed it, I shall limp."

The painful operation was then abandoned, which, after all, would probably, on account of her feeble constitution, have turned out badly. My Aunt Catherine then remained hopeless of cure, but not the least in the world afflicted in consequence.

JOEL GUTMAN & CO.
Importers, Jobbers and Retailers of
Silk and Real Lace Goods,
34 and 36
NORTH EUTAW STREET,
BALTIMORE.

CHARLES BEIN,
Manufacturer of
JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE,
No. 84 *LEXINGTON STREET,*
Between Charles and Liberty, BALTIMORE.

All kinds of HAIR JEWELRY made to order. Jewelry and Watches Repaired in the Best Style and at the Lowest Prices.

$40 REASONABLE. $45
THE WILSON
IMPROVED SEWING MACHINES
Unsurpassed for the Whole Range of Family Sewing.
DORSEY, PITT & LOWDENSLAGER,
AGENTS,
24 N. EUTAW STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

R. F. RUPP,
DEALER IN
LADIES', GENTS' & CHILDREN'S
UNDERWEAR,
Hosiery, Gloves, Notions, &c.
No. 114 LEXINGTON ST., S. E. COR. PARK,
BALTIMORE.

Heinrich Schwing,
No. 40 Süd-Eutaw-Straße,
Lehrer für Piano, Orgel, Gesang und musikalische Composition.

WEED
F. F.
FAMILY FAVORITE
SEWING MACHINE
STANDS WITHOUT A RIVAL.
SIMPLE, DURABLE, EFFECTIVE.
☞ Ten Dollars a Month, without Interest.
Office and Salesroom, 53 North Charles St.
Masonic Temple.

Mrs. C. A. LIPP & Miss M. A. FRANKLIN,
DEALERS IN
MILLINERY,
RIBBONS, FLOWERS & FANCY GOODS,
No. 65 *Lexington St., near Charles,*
BALTIMORE.

EMIL FISHER,
French Steam Scourer,
AND AGENT FOR THE
New York Dyeing and Printing Establishment,
Works on Staten Island, N. Y.
OFFICE, 139 WEST FAYETTE STREET,
Between Park and Howard, Baltimore, Md.
Orders Received for Carpet Cleaning by Craft & Rosello's Patent Beating and Brushing Machine.
N. B.—Parties residing at a distance from the city, can forward their Goods by Express, and have them returned the same way.

MADAME E. JEANNERET,
Ladies Hair Dresser,
No. 62 *LEXINGTON STREET,*
Near Charles Street,
BALTIMORE.
Braids, Bandeaux, Curls, Combs, Brushes, Head Dresses, Pomades and Soaps constantly on hand.
Old Hair Bought for Cash. Old Hair Exchanged.

WM. KNABE & CO.
Manufacturers of
GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT
PIANO FORTES,
AND DEALERS IN
CHURCH, PARLOR & SUNDAY SCHOOL
ORGANS AND MELODEONS,
WAREROOMS, 350 W. BALTIMORE STREET.

RELIEF IN TEN MINUTES!!
TEN DROPS A DOSE.
Ministers and Public Speakers, try
WISEMAN'S PULMONIC DROPS,
The best remedy for Asthma, Coughs, Bronchitis, Shortness of Breath, and Difficult Breathing. Price, 25 cents.
Prepared and Sold, CORNER BALTIMORE AND FREMONT STS., and at the Wholesale Druggists.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.
SEMI-MONTHLY FOR $1.10 *PER YEAR,*
A BEAUTIFUL $2.00 STEEL ENGRAVING GIVEN TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER.
PASTORS and SUPERINTENDENTS, TEACHERS of Sunday and Public Schools, and JUDICIOUS PARENTS are delighted with and recommend it. AGENTS WANTED Everywhere. LARGE CASH COMMISSIONS. SPLENDID PREMIUMS. Send stamp for Specimen, and say where you saw this.
C. H. CUSHING, Chicago, Ill.